

PR 5219

.R18F6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

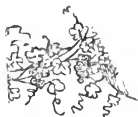


0 014 527 136 8

PR 5219

.R18 F6

Copy 1



TURNER
DRAMATIC L.
 OF
Acting Pl

Printed from the ACTING COPY, with Re-
 marks on the Piece; Description of Costume;
 Cast of Characters; Exits and Entrances;
 Relative Positions; and correctly marked with
 the whole of the

STAGE BUSINESS,

as performed in the

London and American Theatres.

WITH
SPIRITED ENGRAVINGS.

PHILADELPHIA:

FRED. TURNER, PUBLISHER;
 Sold by Turner and Fisher,
 NEW YORK, & PHILADELPHIA.







The Flight to America.

ACT I—SCENE VI.

PAWKS. I guess, Miss, you'd be glad to get out.

JIM CROW. (*In female attire, opens sedan and raises*) yagh !
yagh ! [laughs.]

PAWKS. A fine girl he calls her—she's tarnation tall—a poplar in petticoats, I calculate I can never kiss her, without a ladder.

THE
FLIGHT TO AMERICA:

OR,

TEN HOURS IN NEW YORK!

A DRAMA,
IN THREE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM LEMAN REDE,

Author of The Old and Young Stager, Rake's Progress, Come to Town, Gaberlunzie Man, Cupid in London, Wealth and Want, etc. etc.

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE MOST APPROVED
ACTING COPY, WITH

A description of the Costume, Cast of the Characters, Entrances and
Exits, Relative Positions, and the whole of the Stage Business;

to which are added

Properties and Directions,

AS NOW PERFORMED IN THE

LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

Embellished with a Beautiful Engraving.

Philadelphia.

FREDERICK TURNER,—PUBLISHER;
TURNER & FISHER, 11 NORTH SIXTH STREET

New-York:

TURNER & FISHER, 90 DIVISION STREET.

PR 5219
R18F6

93581
'01

PARALLEL 3HT
RECEIVED 70

COSTUME.

BENJAMIN BLINKINSOP.—Light drab short tailed coat, drab breeches, light waistcoat, drab gaiters, white hat. *Second dress*—Sailors jacket and trousers. *Third dress*—The same as first.

HICKORY.—Dark brown old-fashioned suit, brown great coat covered with mud.

SLAPUP.—Green Newmarket cut coat, red stripe waistcoat, white cord breeches, top boots, broad brimmed hat.

DALTON.—Blue frock coat and trousers, cloak.

PIROUETTE.—Green square cut coat, pink waistcoat, black breeches, stripe stockings, and short gaiters.

MAJOR MOHAWK.—Military frock and trousers.

JIM CROW.—Brown short tailed patched coat and breeches, red waistcoat, grey worsted stockings, stripe shirt, coloured neckkerchief.

BILLY BROWN.—*First dress*—Jacket and ragged trousers. In ball room—stripe trousers, blue coat, and green waistcoat, large frill, &c.

COPPER CHARLEY and CEASAR.—Ditto.

Sailors, Watchmen, &c., as in England.

JULIETTE.—Blue naval suit, frock coat. *Second dress*—Pink muslin frock.

ELLEN.—Blue pelisse, and travelling cap. *Second dress*—White muslin.

SALLY CROW.—Chintz dress, and straw bonnet lined with pink. *Second dress*—Pink skirt, yellow body, skirt trimmed with yellow, very large flounces.

THE BLACK LADIES.—*First dress*—Old chintz skirts, blue, green and red petticoats. *Second dress*—Pink, yellow, and red muslin dresses, with large flounces, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

London. 1836.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|-----------------|
| <i>Benjamin Blinkinsop, Esquire</i> | - | - | Mr. J. Reeve. |
| <i>Antoine Pirouette, a Dancing Master</i> | - | - | Mr. Yates. |
| <i>Sam Slapup, a Bailiff</i> | - | - | Mr. Sanders. |
| <i>Mr. Hickory, uncle to Juliette</i> | - | - | Mr. Cullenford. |
| <i>Peterkin Pawks, a riglar Yankee, his nephew</i> | - | - | Mr. Buckstone. |
| <i>Major Mohawk, an American</i> | - | - | Mr. S. Smith. |
| <i>Copper Charley</i> | - | - | Mr. King. |
| <i>Julius Cæsar</i> | - | - | Mr. Gibson. |
| <i>Jim Crow, a Negro Porter and Ostler</i> | - | - | Mr. T. Rice. |
| <i>Juliette la Belle, a Danseuse</i> | - | - | Miss Daly. |
| <i>Ellen Freegrave, her friend</i> | - | - | Miss Shaw. |
| <i>Mrs. Mohawk</i> | - | - | Miss Mayoss. |
| <i>Miss Mohawk</i> | - | - | Miss Harvey. |
| <i>Miss Sarah Snow, a Creole</i> | - | - | Mrs. Stirling. |
| <i>Mrs. Marigold, Keeper of Hotel, New York</i> | - | - | Mrs. Daly. |

Visitors to the Ball, Porters, Passengers, &c. &c.

FLIGHT TO AMERICA,

OR

TEN HOURS IN NEW YORK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Inn at Liverpool.*

Enter six or seven Sailors, L. (packet men;) the white mark is upon a board with the words "The Royal William for New York Sails all this month;" R. Another board—"Rocket starts from London, &c. reduced fares," L.

1st Sailor. Now my lads, a fair wind in the offing, and once more across the Atlantic we go.

[Draws board, and shows "Sails this day."

CHORUS.

Air—"College Hornpipe."

Ev'ry hand on board, for the wind sets fair,
Soon the tide will serve, and our way lies there;
Then never grieve like asses, about wives' friends, and lasses;
But cheerily, my messmates to the quay repair.

Solo.

We have emigrants and vagabonds from eve'ry land,
We have actors, factors, traders, as I understand;
Our ships at anchor lying, with her colours gaily flying,
Then away, away to duty, eve'ry able hand,
Every soul on board, &c.
(Exeunt omnes, R. Bells ring.)

Enter WAITER, L.

Waiter. Now for another day's work—there 'ant nothing worth living for—I came to Liverpool to be quiet, but here

I'm hurried worse than in London ; "American Packets," indeed! (*looking at board.*) London's emptying itself into New York, and Liverpool acts by way of a conductor. (*Bells ring*)

Enter 2nd WAITER, L.

2d Wait. That's a chaise ; run, Bob, run.

1st Wait. Run, Walker, I'm a waiter, not a runner, what are they?

2d Wait. A dashing young chap and a lady.

1st Wait. Runaways—doing the undutiful—some girl, now, as has run away from a doting father.

2d Wait. Oh! confound your moralizing—toddle, will you?

1st Wait. I'm a going. This way, sir, this way—take care of the step, ma'am. Little does she know of the step she's taken. (*Bells ring, L.*)

Enter JULIETTE, LA BELLE, and ELLEN, U E L.

Jul. (*who is dressed en homme.*) Look after our luggage, and pay the post boy. Get us an apartment—get us some breakfast—and get along.

1st Wait. Pay the boy—flashy to look at—but I'll have an eye to the trunks. [*Bells ring, exit Waiters.*]

Jul. Here we are, my dear Ellen, in Liverpool ; our cares and our lovers behind us—life and the new world before us.

Ellen. With the slight intervention of an ocean, called the Atlantic ; and the probability of an accident, called a pursuit.

Jul. The Atlantic—a mere ditch, crossed and re-crossed like Twickenham ferry ; and as to pursuit, my dear—"No catchee, no havee;" and I flatter myself, my disguise is impenetrable.

Ellen. But my dear love, on board the packet, think of the thousand awkward circumstances your assumption of male attire will subject you to.

Jul. Think of the ten thousand awkward circumstances it will secure us from—now, no more faint-heartedness, and no more morality—*honi soit qui mal y pense* is my motto. I get rid of a booby lover and an importunate uncle, you gain freedom ; that's enough.

Ellen. But surely, my love, you could have got rid of your lover without this step ; indeed, begging pardon of your *amour propre*, I think he was rather disinclined to the match.

Jul. I'm sure I did my utmost to make him so ; but you don't know all. I was early left a burthen, as he kindly

called it, on my uncle's care, with nothing but him and my heels to rely upon; I danced myself into competence, but am yet my uncle's debtor for the care and cost of my childhood. He wished me to wed Blinkinsop, and extorted from him a promise of marriage. Guess my feelings when my uncle avowed his intention of making Blinkinsop marry me instantly, or of proceeding to extremities.

Ellen. But your being unwilling—how could he?

Jul. As my guardian he could. Blinkinsop's fortune was to indemnify my affectionate relative for my maintainence and education. Do you think I could endure the thought of forcing myself on any man, even if I loved him, or of being forced to wed one I did not. So here I am, Juliette La Belle, lately of the Opera *premier danseuse*, transformed into a very natty fellow, hoping to find in Colombia a home and happiness.

Ellen. There's my hand, love—I am not as bold a venturer, but you will find me as true, if not as stout-hearted as yourself.

DUET—JULIETTE AND ELLEN.

Air—"Dusty Miller."

Jul. Helter, skelter, scramble,
Gaily will we trudge it;

Ellen. Ah, such a ramble,
I have fears a budget,

Jul. Fears, I laugh to scorn;
Freely let us revel;

You beside me, I
Will face the very —

Both. Freshly blows the breeze—sailors steer and tack it,
Quickly o'er the seas—goes the Western Packet.

Ellen. Mind your aunt's advice is,
"Home oh! ne'er forsake it;"

Jul. It's as easy, twice is,
To give advice as take it,

Ellen. Look before you leap,
Said her latest letter;

Jul. Leap before you look,
Suits my taste much better.

Both. Freshly blows the breeze—sailors steer and tack it,
Quickly o'er the seas—sails the Western Packet,

[Exit Juliette and Ellen R. 1 E. Bell rings.]

Waiter (outside L.) London coach—four insides—five out,

WAITERS enter, L.

1st Wait. This way, sir, this way. [*Bell.*]

Enter PIROUETTE, L.

Pirou. Ah! uoi, uoi; I never shall go outside de top o'the coach again. Ma foi, my foots is froid. Every ting I've got is froze away, very. *Vaiter!* Ah, mon Dieu, de English coach is stupid rascal ting, not compare wis de diligence. *Vai-ro!* vat I shall never be warm again. I am de gooses flesh, all over. Mais my foot is cold, but mon cœur is on fire. *Vaiter!* I say.

1st Wait. Beg pardon—we must attend to our insides first

Pirou. The devil take your inside sare; it is my inside I want attended to. I must have some breakfasts.

2d. WAITER enters L. and crosses.

2d Wait. (*Crosses.*) No. 5 wants coffee, 18, tea. [*Exit R.*]

Pirou. I beg your pardon, sare, but No. 1 want precisely de same ting, if you are so good.

1st Wait. Very well, sir; that's the way to the coffee-room.

Pirou. *Garçon (crosses R.)* restez ici pour un moment, s'il vous plait—attendez—dis is de house for de Packet.

1st Wait. Packets! Oh! yes, sir; there's the board.

Pirou. You dam wood head—I no want de board, I want you. The packet sail from your door, eh?

1st Wait. No, sir; not from our door exactly—from the quay.

Pirou. From de key of your door! vat do you mean, sare?

1st Wait. I mean what I say; I can't help it, if you can't understand plain English.

Pirou. You insult me, I am offensive. You tell to me I no speak plain English. Diablement! I am quite as plain as you.

1st Wait. Well, I don't say as you a'nt.

Pirou. De Packet of America, sare; vat time it shall take fright?

1st Wait. Take fright! What's that?

Pirou. Vat's dat—you thick head—vat is dat. [*Points to coach-board, L. "The Rocket starts."*]

1st Wait. Oh! start you mean.

Pirou. C'est egal—start and take fright de same ting—you know him well enough,

1st Wait. Oh! it goes to-day, weather permitting.

Pirou. I want to know when he go wether or no.

1st Wait. That I can't say; it depends on the wind, and I know nothing of that 'ere. [Exit L.]

Pirou. De wind, and knows nosing of that air: he is stupid—mais the wind shall be very well this morning. I wonder if dat faithless Juliette have got away. I shall run very quick upon her heel. Sacre! Une ingrate. I ave teach her first *entre chât*. I show her the grand mysteries of the sublime science. I show her de purpose for which nature designed de foots—ven she know she scamper away very much. Helas! I shall perhaps never set my eyes upon my pupilles again—dis makes me *triste*. I am miserable. J'en suis au desespoir. I will go get some breakfasts. [Bells.]

Wait. (Without, L.) This way, gentlemen.

Pirou. Ah! here is all de passengers, charmant persons; never speak all de night.

Music. Enter several passengers L., cross and exit R. with coachman, luggage, &c., after them enters MR. BENJAMIN BLINKINSOP, with a travelling cap over a Welch wig, and wrapped in a number of shawls &c.; he disburthens himself of them during scene.

Blink. Folks talk and talk about wonderful improvement in travelling—it's all humbug, sir—regular humbug of the first water—unadulterated humbug—how dare they pop a man 6 feet 11 into a vehicle 6 feet by 3!

Pirou. I hope you are pretty well, I thank you, after your travel.

Blink. No, sir I am not pretty well I thank you, I am cursed uncomfortable; but I say, my outsider—you was an outsider, wasn't you?

Pirou. Oh!—oui—on de top of de outside.

Plin. Yes, and I was in the middle of the inside, chewing my own knees, and trying to digest the leggings of my indescribables.

Pirou. You have sleep, I see, by your night-caps.

Blink. Then you see, more than I know. Sleep! I've heard of men sleeping in a sentry-box, up in a tree, or down in a dry well; but sleep inside a coach I defy you. A fat fellow was opposite, though, snoring like a rhinoceros, and stretching out his unwieldy legs every moment, kicking the bark off mine:

and just as I was about getting the first five of forty winks, roo, too, too, too, the Guard's horn goes, and all one's work to do over again. The inside of a coach! it's the black hole of Calcutta, made easy to the meanest capacity.

Pirou. Ah! mai foi, de inside is nosing to de out.

Blink. De out—why, there you can breathe.

Pirou. Certainment, and dere you can freeze, I was cold as vat you call—ice.

Blink. That's better than being boiled—I weighed sixteen stone when I set out—I'm slim and genteel now (*looking at the board.*) Reduced fares, indeed!—it's reduced passengers they ought to talk about.

Pirou. It's very nice on de outside—de companion I have for my *companion de voyage*—a salmon.

Blink. Was he male or female?

Pirou. I don't know what he was—he was in the basket behind me.

Blink. Well what of that?

Pirou. His tail peep out a leetle from de end of de basket.

Blink. To be sure to give the poor thing a little fresh air on its journey.

Pirou. Yes, sare—in de night he wetted all down my back.

Blink. Nasty beast.

Pirou. Now he shall come—de tail, I mean, just at de nape of my neck, and he go all de while drip drip, drip, all down here. Ah! it's very pleasant dis riding outside.

Blink. You should have done as the lawyers do—dock'd the tail.

Pirou. Ha, ha, ha, I have done him—I take my couteau and knock off his tail for him.

Blink. And he'll not get a new one here I can tell ye, tho Liverpool's a sea-port—I fancy they don't re-tail fish.

Enter 2d WAITER, R. 1 E.

2d Wait. Breakfast's ready, sir.

Pirou. I am ready for him. Allons, monsieur. *Exit [Pirou.]*

Blink. Allons, Allez vous s'en I'm not going to munch bread and butter, and swallow slip slop, I've seven pounds of sandwiches left yet. "The Royal William sails this day:" when was that put up?

2d Wait. The board, sir?—about a fortnight ago.

Blink. Oh, this day, means any day she sails, I suppose.

2d Wait. Just so, sir.

[Exit 1 E. R.]

Blink. Pleasant—I must keep incog, or my trip to America will turn into a jaunt to Spike Hall, or Abbott's Priory.

Enter DALTON, L.

Well, fellow-sufferer!

Dal. Rare news, the wind's fair—the packet sails to day for certain.

Blink. That's the first pleasant thing I've heard—then we shall get off.

Dal. Decidedly—but, man alive, what puts you into such a confounded fluster,—that I, who hav'nt a penny, with more duns at my heels than hairs on my head, should be anxious to emigrate, isn't to be wondered at; but you—young—rich.

Blink. That's it, you see, you hav'nt a penny—you're a happy dog—I have some pennies and an't inclined to lose 'em.

Dal. But what danger is there of your doing so?

Blink. Dollops of danger, and a little to spare. Mr. Horatio Dalton, you're a fortunate fellow, and don't know it; I'm an unfortunate one and do. Is your nature susceptible?

Dal. Try me.

Blink. I will—I'll unbosom myself—I've a load here—my heart's as heavy as a bullock's. You see, Mr., some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths, others with wooden shovels.

Dal. Ladles.

Blink. All's one for that—now I was a ladler at first, born in poverty, and nursed in—

Dal. Misery.

Blink. No, sir, in Mutton-lane, Clerkenwell.

Dal. Romantic vicinity.

Blink. Uncommon—charmingly laid out in the brokery and crockery line,—now, for all I was one of the wooden ladlers at first—my spooney days were to come.

Dal. No doubt.

Blink. I'd an uncle as no one ever thought of, brings his body back from New York, with a heap o'money, and the sweetest asthma you ever heard.

Dal. I see, you ingratiated yourself with him and—

Blink. Not a bit of it; he licked me as though he had a right to do it, and mother winked at it, 'cause, she said the flogging would be the better for me in the end—which end she meant I didn't know—so the more he larrupped me the more pleased she was.

Dal. But you—

Blink. On the contrary—quite the reverse.

Dal. Well, he died.

Blink. Yes, and insulted me in his last will.

Dal. Insulted you, how?

Blink. In these words, "I leave the bulk of my property to my nephew, Ben, because he's too great a fool to earn his own bread."

Dal. Well, you can forgive that.

Blink. Bless you, bear no malice; popped up a tomb-stone—"tender father, kind relative best, of men;" not a word about his walloping me, but all all affection; got my fortune, turned west-ender, and now comes the critical point; to the opera I goes, falls in love up to my false collar with one of the sylphs, was introduced to her sly old codger of an uncle, and—

Dal. And what?

Blink. Gave a promise of marriage.

Dal. Well.

Blink. Well! Did you ever give such a promise?

Dal. Half a dozen, I dare say.

Blink. Ah! there's nothing like being used to a thing; but pray how many months were your's after date.

Dal. I don't understand you.

Blink. I promised to marry in six months, time's up, my mind changed, he threatens law, so I depart.

Dal. But wherefore have you forsaken the lady.

Blink. Oh! her twisting and twirling was all very well at first; but I have so much of that damn'd susceptibility, and next season came Taglioni; I could'nt stand this [*imitates the bound of Taglioni.*] and, seeing that I was likely to be in love with every new comer, and as a moral man I could'nt marry a fresh dancer every season, so I cut and run.

Dal. Leaving the poor danseuse to break her heart unheeded.

Blink. Dancers' hearts get so bobbed about, that they're too slippery to break; beside, I surely might cut one when she used to be continually cutting six—eh, mister?

Dal. As you are so susceptible, take care you don't rhapsodise into another promise in New York.

Blink. Leave me alone; once bit, you know; besides, can't there.

Dal. Can't, why not?

Blink. All the ladies in New York are in the united state already.

Dalt. Well, I must see my luggage safely on board; your berth is secured, you say [*B. nods.*] better fortune attend us in New York. [*Exit DALTON, R*]

Blink. So say I; but I'm not like some of your snivellers, there isn't a soul in the world I care a farthing about, nor a thing—yes, one thing, the opera, that's the place for a chap who has taste and susceptibility.

MEDLEY.—BLINKINSOP.

Air.—"Non piu Andrai."

All my eye, all my eye is the drama,
Tragic dames calling names in gold lama,
Dury Lane, English, Op., Covent Garden,
I leave when the Opera invites.

Air.—"Largo Factotum."

Forth merrily grinning, the buffo bounds,
Lal, lal, &c.
Round, cherrily ringing, the laugh resounds;
Lal, lal, &c.

Lablache, Tamburini, Grisi, Rubini,
Basso, contralto, tenor and alto,
I love 'em all, I love 'em all.

Air.—"Suoni di Tromba."

Deep rolls the baritone's voice out,
Thundering follows him the burly base,
There notes like an organ swelling,
What tone, what power, what grace.

Air.—"Son Virgin Vezzosa."

Balm-breathing soprano, *dulcissimo*, piano,
Each bosom assailing, she triumphs o'er all;
The loves and the graces have taken their places
In her lovely bosom, and come and come at her call.

Recitative.

Then the ballet, oh, *carissimo*,
Pirouetting, *kickerrissimo*.

Air.—"C'est l'amour."

Oh! what grace, what grace, what grace,
And what a witching form,
That face, that face, that face, that face,
Will take the town by storm
[*A few bars, he dances à la Sylphide,*

Tarantella.

Bounding as light as the gay tarantella,

And twisting and twirling a deuce of a fellow,
Pirouetting, curvetting; I really can't tell, oh!

What wonderful wonders the creature performs,
[Exit R.

SCENE II.—*Room in an Inn.—Roadside.*

Enter OLD HICKORY and SLAPUP, R., covered with mud.

Hick. Here's a mess, I believe I've dislocated my shoulder bone.

Enter WAITER, R.

Wait. Choose any refreshment, sir?

Hick. Yes, sir.

Wait. What'll you be pleased to order, sir?

Hick. Clean water, soap, and towel.

Slap. I say, young un, how far's this from Liverpool?

Wait. About thirty miles, sir.

Slap. What coaches is there?

Wait. None, sir, this aint the high road.

Hick. I told you so, but you would take the near cut, as you called it, down that confounded lane.

Wait. What, sir, have you come through Deadman's-lane; you're very lucky to have got safe; they generally knocks down one or two a day there, sir. [Exit WAITER, R.

Hick. Charming neighbourhood.

Slap. Now don't put yourself in a fluster, old gentleman, we've had a spill, but it might have been worse; h've missed the covey we were looking arter, and that might have been better; but we're all right, nevertheless, old one.

Hick. How do you mean, all right; has'nt my niece bolted without as much as good bye t'ye—has'nt Blinkinsop done the same? Lookee, Master Slapup, Juliette is no blood of mine, what have I to do with my wife's relations.

Slap. Nothing whatsumdever.

Hick. July's father did'nt cut up quite as bad has been thoughgt.

Slap. I sees it with half an eye; you touched the cole and bred up the girl, kept her safe, and of course, as was proper, did the same by the rhino.

Hick. Exactly; now if she goes scampering through the world, she'll get picked up by some vagabond that has a taste for looking over old accounts.

Slap. In course, there's thousands such chaps.

Hick. They'd talk of refunding.

Slap. The very worst sort of funding.

Hick. Now you perceive why I wanted to marry my July to a fool, and to receive from him, for her maintenance and education, then exchange receipts in full of all demands—eh?

Slap. Well, we're provided for that; it's all the go to visit America; if they've gone we'll follow; when at New York, if we can't do it with civil process, why you must stretch a point and swear a robbery.

Hick. Swear—umph—I don't much like oaths and witness boxes.

Slap. Nonsense, what's a witness box made for but to enable a man to purtect his own property.

Hick. A very sensible remark; her property is in America; now I've a nephew there.

Slap. A nephey have you.

Hick. And if Blinkinsop don't meet my views, why my sister's son, Peterkin Pawks of Virginia, may.

Slap. It's all right, Mr. Hickory; let us pop a comfortable couple of bottles here under our vaistcoats, and then follow suit; if we catches 'em this side the water, well; if not, won't we sarve 'em out on t'other. [Exit both, r.

SCENE III.—*Deck of an American packet. Two cabin heads. A chariot made out and practirable, so that roof as well as inside can be used.*

MRS. MOHAWK, MAJOR and MISS MOHAWK, JULIETTE, ELLEN, DALTON, and Passengers, discovered with PIROUETTE. Borders half down.

Music—rapid at first, with the bustle of the scene—then settling to Glee.

TENORS AND BASSES.

Slow—“The boatie rows.”

Oh weel may the boatie row,
That scuds before the wind;
And safe may the rovers go,
Who leave their homes behind.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
It scuds before the gale ;
May fortune hover o'er her bows,
And freedom fan her sail.

Every body, quick—"Yunkee Doodle."

On the bounding billows borne,
To the New World steering,
With delight we'll hail the sight
Of freedom's land appearing ;
The broad Atlantic bears our prow,
No danger dread we, when, sir,
Our vessel's heart of oak, we know,
And heart of oak, our men, sir.
O'er the bounding, &c.

Jul. As I live, there's Pirouette ; my dancing master first, my lover afterwards. No matter, I'll brazen it out ; he will never recognize in a middy his "adorable Juliette."

[They go up.]

Maj. M. Here we go at a killing pace—fair wind and clear course—don't be so down in the mouth, monsieur.

Pir. Que est que c'est ?—vat is that downy mouth ?

Mrs. M. It's Mr. M.'s way, my dear sir—he thought you seemed melancholy.

Pir. Melancholy ? Ah ! Madame, c'est impossible, when I have de pleasure to converse wis you.

Mrs. M. Oh, sir, all you French gentlemen are so kind to the ladies.

Pir. Ah ! oui—mais de ladies have behaved very bad to me—

Maj. M. Jilted you, mayhap—gave you the go-by--bolted off the course—stole away.

Pir. Several times—Ah ! madame—Ah ! monsieur ; I am miserable—you are happy wis dis lady—I have none.

Maj. M. Well, why don't you get one ?

Mrs. M. I'm sure a gentleman of your accomplishments might.

Pir. You are so good—mais, Madame, I ave been marri—shall be fifteen—twenty years ago.

Maj. M. Lost your wife, I take it.

Pir. She ran away.

Mrs. M. Sad work, monsieur.

Pir. Ah!—oui, dam bad, madame. I sall keep von academie for de danse—mais, my wife, she keep von auberge—de gentilhommes sall come—one, two, three; merchant, officare, and she go—“how do you do, if you please,” to one; “I hope you are very handsome,” to another; she vas always grin; mais she vas beauty woman. I say, madame, I sall not have him, you sall never smile; but pour moi—then she turn to me wis such a smile—just so. Ah! she vas beauty womans—but my rapture vas not long. Von morning I go out see my pupille—I return, I say, where is madame? De garcon say, “begar madame gone out to valk,” c’est bien; I go up de stairs, dere is no bed, no chair, no nosing at all—I say, garcon, “ave de tables gone out to valk too,” and he say, “yes,” and begar he said true—dey all go out to valk in a cart.

Maj. M. I see, she mounseer, you was distanced.

Mrs. M. And did you never hear of her after?

Pir. Ah! oui—begar she came again six or three years after him. She say, “Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur?” I say, you dam rascal; mais I perceive three, four, little garcons, all so high as dat; I say, eha! vere you shall find him, and vat you do vis my furniture? She say, “Oh! Monsieur, I ave not de furniture, but I ave brought you some oder furniture,” and de garcons come run about my foots. I say, dam, I sall no have de live stock; dey all run up to me, and call me “Papa”—I say, pooh, pooh—no papa; den she give me de look, and my heart all over soft—she vas beauty womans, and I forgive her.

Mrs. M. What a lesson for husbands—and so you have been happy ever since.

Pir. Madame, vat you sall tink, two or three months apres, begar she ron away again, and leave me wis de dam little garcons, vat I sall never know.

Mrs. M. Whatever did you do, sir?

Pir. Madame, I go to les enfans trouves, I say to him, I have des dam garcons, mais de say they are too big—great deal—if you ave any little von, pop him in de basket. I say dam, I can get no little one; you tink all de family are bad as one anoser.

[*They go up R.*]

Ellen. (down L.) Then your French lover proves to be a Benedict after all.

Jul. The wretch! It only proves, my love, what I have always said—that the fellows, French or English, are all alike.

Dal. You belong to the new world, I believe, sir?

Maj. M. Raised in Boston—so was she, my daughter.

Dal. An amiable specimen of the beauty of your native city, sir.

Maj. M. Aye, sir, Boston's the place. England's very well, but, if you was to boil down the whole world, you couldn't make another Boston.

Enter BLINKINSOP, from cabin stairs, in sailor's trousers and jacket.

Blin. I won't stand it, and I can't lie it. I can't live six weeks in a cabin, six feet by four, steward! (*Pulls up trousers.*) I can't keep these things up.

Steward. (L. c.) Well, sir.

Blin. Do you know the gentleman who occupies the next cabin? Is he a long one—if not, give my compliments, should feel particularly obliged if he'll suffer a hole to be cut from my cabin into his, and not feel offended if my legs occasionally stray into his apartment.

Jul. (L. c.) As I live and breathe, there is Blinkinsop as well as Pirouette.

Ellen. (L.) Do they know each other?

Jul. I neither know nor care. I am only anxious they should not know me.

Dal. (R. c.) Well, Blinkinsop, the weather's getting a little roughish—there's a great swell.

Blin. (c.) Yes, and there's a little one—how he struts in his uniform; twig his dirk—they shouldn't suffer children in arms aboard ship.

Dal. That's a pretty creature.

Blin. Which?

Dal. That beside the young fellow with the hanger on.

Blin. Yes, some hanger on of his, no doubt. I'll do the agreeable; my confounded susceptibility comes over me again. Hope you enjoy (*she turns up*)—that is, miss, I trust (*she again avoids him*)—cuts me, I declare—no matter—I'll—

Jul. (*advancing.*) Any thing to say to that lady, sir?

Blin. I, sir? Why, sir—no, sir.

Jul. Oh! [*coolly.*]

Blin. He's one of your fire-eaters—never mind—try another—you feel quite as you wish to be, and han't no nasty all-overishness which some folks have aboard ship.

Mrs. M. Oh, sir, I'm really quite pleased—we've cattle on board, my husband tells me.

Blin. Oh, yes, ma'am, plenty of cattle, no doubt.

Mrs. M. There's a cow and a sheep, and is that usual?

Blin. Yes, ma'am, in Liverpool packets, but, if you go from Portsmouth, you take Cowes in the way.

Dal. There's a buoy.

Pir. One of my dear little boys—where?

Mrs. M. Oh, pick him up, for Heaven's sake!

Blin. He won't hurt, ma'am—that's the fifteenth buoy we've passed since we left Liverpool.

Mrs. M. How dreadful; that accounts for what one sees in the paper so often—mysterious disappearance of a young gentleman.

Sai. By the mark, seven.

Mrs. M. Seven! Poor little fellows.

Blin. No, ma'am, he's only taking soundings.

Mrs. M. Soundings! What, are we unsound?

Blin. I don't know, ma'am, I an't.

Mrs. M. Is there any danger of leaks?

Blin. Not here, ma'am—never have any leaks, except on the coast of Wales.

Mrs. M. Oh, dear, the ship begins to waggle, waggle;—what's the cause of this? [Ready lights.]

Sai. (*gruffly*) Only the pitch of the vessel, ma'am.

Mrs. M. Well, I'm sure, what is he?

Blin. He, ma'am, is the tar of the vessel. Bless me, ma'am, you look quite pale.

Mrs. M. Pail, pail! [*Steward hands her down. Pirouette has been gradually getting worse, and at last sits down with his head over a foot-bath.*]

Pir. Mon Dieu! I am sick very.

Stew. Beg pardon, sir, that's a foot, not a shower bath.

Miss M. Will you tell me, sir, when we are on the high seas.

Blin. Yes, ma'am, the moment I sees I will. Why, monsieur, you're done, I see. Aha! you Frenchmen can't stand the ocean, it's a Briton's element. (*Get's sick and leans on Dalton's shoulder*) I beg your pardon—Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves. Holloa! I wish she'd rule 'em a little straighter.

(*From carriage on deck an invalid puts out his head*)

Blin. Steward, attend to that gent-le-man.

Stew. What's the matter, sir?

Inv. Very bad, want to be ill, and I can't.

Stew. What's the matter with you, sir?

Blin. Very bad, want to be we l, and I can't.

(*Music here begins*)

Stew. Better sit down, sir.

[*Puts a place for him behind couch. Blin. sits.*

Pir. *has crawled on the roof of the coach*) Ah! Mon Dieu! Oh! I am mal du tete. I have de bad of the head.

[*Lights gradually down. Thunder. Music—"Rise, gentle Moon."* Cloud cloth continues to work. Moon obscured, distant thunder.

Stew. Better go down to your cabin, sir.

Blin. No, sir; I shall stay here till I see a ship, and go back.

Stew. You'll stay here till we ship a sea and go over.

Blin. Hey? give us your hand; I'm only a little giddy. "The sea, the sea, the open—" [*He is taken down.*

Stew. (*to Pirouette*) Better go below, sir.

Pir. Sare, I sall go below, sare, to the fathomless abyss. I am derange with my suffering, (*kicks violently*)

Inv. I'd be very much obliged by your not kicking over my head just now, sir.

Pir. Mon Dieu! [*Invalid draws in hastily.*

Jul. So we are the bravest sailors amongst them (*thunder*) I find; but come, let me hand you to your cabin, dear, and say adieu; I hear the roll of thunder—we shall have a storm, I fear, Captain.

Cap. Ay, a bit of a squall, and not long first, I reckon.

(*Music—Commencement of Stiebelt's storm. Juliette hands Ellen to the further cabin stairs. The storm increases.*

Cap. (*calls through trumpet*) Hand your top-gallant sail.

Crew. Aye, aye, sir. [*Two boys go up.*

Cap. All hands to reef topsails.

Crew. Hoy, hoy, sir.

Cap. Stow the mainsail.

Crew. Aye, aye, sir.

Cap. Hawl in the sheet.

Crew. It's gone, sir.

Cap. Brail up your driver. [*The storm increases. Lightning, thunder; the sea rolling mountains high. Pirouette kicks in the blinds of chariot. Invalid pops his head in. Crash. Screams through cabins every body rushes on deck, some half dressed. Blinkinsop wrapped in a blanket.*

Hurry—Mozart.

ALL.

Now, now, now, what the devil is the matter,
 Row, row, row, what a curs'd noise;
 How, how, how, stay their curs'd clatter,
 Now, now, now, pull away, my boys.
 Speak, speak, speak, let us know, od rot 'em;
 Leak, leak, leak, are we going down;
 Speak, speak, speak, we're going to the bottom.
 Leak, leak, leak, what a thing to drown.
 Now, now, now, what the devil, &c.

[*Crash. Scream. Every body faints in every body's arms.*]
Cap. (through trumpet) She rights—she rights!

Gun fired and ring down.

END OF ACT I.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Exterior. Music.*

Enter SLAPUP.

Slap. Confound your Yankee roads, and curse your Yankee cattle. What am I to do? There's my vehicle stuck in the mud three feet deep. Here house, where are you all? Post horses and another vehicle directly.

Enter PAWKS.

Paw. Holloa! you're making a pretty considerable row, I reckon. You want post horses, do ye? Now who are ye—where were you raised—how do they call you—where do you come from—where do you want to go to—are you a man or a help?

Slap. I'm a man, and want help, as you see.

Paw. I'm inclined for a paction; I'm just come from Virginny, and have no objection to sell my turn-out to take you your journey.

Slap. (looking off L) What, that crazy concern? No go. Why that'll never get over these beastly swamps.

Paw. Beastly swamps! Well, if ever I heard any thing to ditto that. There's not a swamp in America but's a perfect pride of Paradise.

Slap. Aye, you think so; but you're one of the natives, I take it.

Paw. A native—what a'ye mean by native? I've a notion you're poking fun at me considerable. I just warn you, my father was the strongest man in Old Virginia, and I wallopped my father. I'm a riglar built Virginian, and if you thinks to undervalle us or our swamps, tarnation take me if I don't lick you elegant.

Slap. Lick me? gammon and all you would; but, however, I don't want no quarrelling, nor to offend you or any other Yankee Doodle.

Paw. Oh! as long as you're affable, I'm as sociable and delightful as is; but I stands no affronts to me or my country.

Slap. Right; them as don't love their country, let 'em leave it, I say.

Paw. You *have* left your'n, I think; now *what* are you?

Slap. That's nothing to you, I suppose.

Paw. Oh! no ways material; *who* are you?

Slap. My name's Slapup—I'm going to Virginia; my vehicle is stuck in a bog yonder, and I wants another to pursue my route.

Paw. (*smoking*) That thing all on one side is the carriage, I reckon; that's in as awkward a fix as ever I see. I knows that swamp well; there's a power of mud, but no great matter of water.

Slap. Does that swamp go on any further?

Paw. No, I never knowd it to stir from where it is.

Slap. I mean, is there more of it that way; and is it sound at the bottom?

Paw. That's beyond my knowledge; I reckon it is; a power of people have been smothered there, but if any of 'em did find the bottom, I calculate they never made no mention of its being sound or no. There's no post horses here, but the boss has two elegant behaved oxen as steps out remarkable.

Slap. I, who have tool'd two bits of blood in a tandem, to be drawn by oxen—come, that's too good. So, Mr. Peterkin Pawks, of Virginia, you'll get none of my company.

Paw. Pawks, did you say—what do you want with him?

Slap. Sir, I have particular business with him.

Paw. Then I reckon your upset was a lucky coincidence of events. I am Peterkin Pawks.

Slap. You!

Paw. The very same. Raised in Virginny—got a plantation and thirty niggers there and two houses, and one uncle in New York.

Slap. From that very uncle I come, Mr. Jacob Hickory.

Paw. Well, if I live to eternity, I shall never oblivate this go. (*Slapup gives letter.*) 'There's his pothooks, sure enough. "Capital chance—wife and a fortune." I appropriate that considerable. My uncle's sent for me to get me married.

Slap. Exactly so, but take care, for you have a rival, can tell ye.

Paw. A rival—I'll beat him into immortal smash if he dares keep his eyes open as the lady walks by. I would—you needn't stare. I've whipped the finest fellow in our parts; t'other day I licked the oldest man in the place. Look ye here—iron all over, pieced with rock. One of my blows to any man is either long sickness or sudden death.

Slap. It may be necessary, you see, to carry off the lady.

Paw. I'm no ways objectionable. I'll run away with any thing from sixteen to sixty with any man in Virginny. As to this lady, she's an Englisher, I reckon.

Slap. She is, her name Juliette. The first object is to place her again in the hands of her guardian.

Paw. I realise you're an agent in this affair.

Slap. Yes; and no time's to be lost; for this very evening, as soon as it's dark, she must be carried off.

Paw. Soon as it's dark? It's never properly dark in New York; now, in Virginny it's sometimes so dark you can't see the flashes when it lightens.

Slap. Will that there vehicle of your'n take us?

Paw. Why I dubitate, as we're in a hurry, whether we hadn't better walk; my horse has a notion of progressing backwards, and aint no ways agreeable. Come away—I've a power of things to do in New York—advertise a d—d nigger as has run slick away; and what with that and marrying, I shall have my arms full, I calculate.

[Exit Pawks and Slapup, R.]

SCENE II.—*The Quay of New York. Negro porters, and others, waiting the arrival of the packet.*

Chorus, "Negro Melody."

The packet is in sight, my boys, hurra, hurra,
Be ready every porter there, huzza, huzza ;
Come bustle, bustle, niggers, all run up and down,
Take the plunder from the vessel through the town.
Now don't stand debating, put your shoulders to the wheel,
There'll be plenty in the freighting for the barrow and the
creel ;

Work, work, my jolly dogs, till twilight shadows fall,
Den ebery colored gemmen to the party or de ball.

The packet is in sight, &c.

Billy. Brown. What ship in sight, sar ?

Porter. De Royal William (*gruffly.*)

Billy. Tank you, sar ; deblish fine gal come dis way—who
am she ?

Copper Charley. Why, you fool, you not know Miss Sarah
Snow—the finest woman in New York, 'pon honor,

Billy. Lubly cretur, I declare.

Enter SALLY SNOW.

All. How do, Miss Sarah ? Hope you very well. [*all bow.*

Sally. I very well ; how am you ? What, the packet am
not come yet ?

Billy. You expect some one—some lubber, I spose.

Sally. No, sir—a lady of my private acquaintance.

Billy. Beg pardon, I'm sure.

Sally. A lady as am taken the tower of Europe to im-
prove herself in elegant accomplishments (*looking about the
crowd.*)

Billy. You believe her ?

Char. Bah !

Billy. All trash—no meet any lady. I know who she
come to meet—dat dam Jim Crow. Ah, Miss Sarah, you am
look for Master Crow—I wonder you waste your lubly eyes
on dat fellow.

Sally. Never you mind, sir, I cast my lubly eyes whereber
'em like.

Crow, (without.)

Oh ! such a getting up stairs, and playing on the fiddle,
Such a getting up stairs I never did see.

All. Ah ! ah ! here's Jim Crow.

Enter JIM CROW, R.

Jim. Ha! ha! well, here you am all—Miss Sarah Snow, I am delighted to see you.

Porter. Well, Jimmy, what have you come here for?

Jim. Same as oder gentlemen, I spose, sir—come to see if any gentleman wants anoder gentleman to carry his plunder for 'em; Miss Snow, you are more lubly than ever.

Sally. Oh, Missa Crow—for shame, Master Crow,—in public, and all the white trash looking at us—you make me blush.

Jim. You wasn't at de ball last night, Miss Sarah.

Sally. No—de company was very mixed.

Jim. Iss—very much mixed company, and very much mixed liquor—it was not de select thing at all. Some deblish fine creturs dere, but not one to compare to Miss Snow.

Sally. You insinivating cretur. Mr. Crow, I'm afraid you are a terrible rake.

Jim. No, no, 'pon honor.

Sally. And you neglect yourself, sar; you're not near so smart as you used to was.

Jim. Smart—this am bery good suit of clothes.

Sally. Why they are nothing but rags and patches.

Jim. Patches? No, 'em not patches. I want strong clothes, so, fear it tear, I stick on dese for strengthening plasters.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Sally. But then your hat, am shocking bad hat.

Jim. Berry good hat—cost me 1s. 9d; 'em ladies say a white hat become me best.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Sally. Mr. Crow, you expect some friends, some 'lations from toder side de water.

Jim. No—I hab no 'lations dere—only one broder, and we no speak.

Sally. Why not?

Jim. He disgrace de family by imprudent marriage (*proudly.*)

Sally. I wonder you neber marry yourself, Mr. Crow.

Jim. Why, Miss Sarah, I have very good opportunities in some of de first families where I visit—but I hab set my heart on petickler lady—besides, I no sure dat I am quite the person to make a lady of nice feelings happy (*conceitedly.*) What you think, Miss Snow?

Sally. Oh! Mr. C.

All. (from behind) The packet, the packet.

Music. An instantaneous bustle, *L U E*; the boat comes in sight, and the passengers land; trucks, barrows, etc., in requisition, into which boxes, etc., etc., are placed. During following, *Billy* and *Charley* crowd upon *Crow*; one of the porters lays hold of barrow: *Crow* kicks him.

Air—"Negro Melody."

Jim Crow. Get you out of the way, you dam ugly black nigger
How dare 'em interrupt a man of my figer?
I'd hab you know, though it's what you mayn't be
pleas'd at,
Dat I am a gemman as is not to be sneez'd at;
Any gemman want a porter—I would let him
know,
There's not a fellow in New York can beat *Jim Crow*.

All. Any gemman want a porter, please to let him
know,
The idlest fellow in New York is old *Jim Crow*.

JULIETTE and BLINKINSOP land.

Air—"Subotiere."

Jul. Fortune be praised, I am out of the packet,
Once more on dear terra firma I stand,
What a confusion, what bustle and racket—
A squall on the sea, and a riot on land.

Blin. Waves—waves—I'm heartily tir'd out,
I long for a ramble on heather once more.

Port. } Here—here are lads to be hir'd out;

Jim Crow. } Say, shall we carry your luggage ashore?

Blin. Stop, stop, amid so many black faces, it won't be
easy to find a light porter.

Jim. I'ss, massa; I'm light porter.

Blin. I shouldn't have guessed it; you're a rum one to
look at; hoist up the trunk. I say, you're not light fingered,
are you?

Jim. Sar!

Blin. Can you recommend me a hotel?

Jim. Iss, sar, um can; one I frequent myself; very good
society meet dere.

Blin. So I should think. [*Porter (mulatto) assisting Crow in putting great boxes into truck, lets one fall.* Take care, ebony.

Jim. (to *porter*) What you am about, sar, must 'poligize to you, sar, but dis only pupil of mine, and hasn't my finished manner. (to *Blinkinsop*.) You dam stupid fellow—you no porter. (to *porter*.)

Blin. Porter, no; I see that by his color; he's no porter; he's only half and half.

Jim. Gib yourself no tronble, I take ebery ting under my care; dere's my card.

Blin. (reads) "Mr James Crow, Director of Squestrean Stablistment." Squestrean Stablistment, what the deuce is that?

Jim. Iss, sar, what you am call hossler.

Blin. Oh! ostler! Gemmen is requested to observe as I am raal Jim Crow, as so many posters am about,—what's that?

Jim. Them chaps as go about town singing my Jim Crow.

Blin. Mr. James Crow, I am delighted to have made your acquaintance.

Jim. Quite mutual, I 'sure you, sar.

Blin. Now, Mr. Crow, if you're not too much engaged, I should like to secure your invaluable services whilst I remain in this city.

Jim. Hab no objection to enter into a paction wid you, or any oder gemman.

[*Takes up barrow.*]

Blin. Beg ten thousand pardons, ladies, can I be of any service?

[*To Ellen and Mrs. Mohawk.*]

Ellen. (With whom is *Mrs. Mohawk*.) I thank you, sir, but we are alrady settled.

Blin. Good thing the voyage is over; one gets so confounded susceptible abroad ship; all down this side of the way. (*Touching his heart.*) I was getting my old symptoms; why, hey-day! (*Seeing the larrow deserted.*) Crow, I say—

Jim. (*Is conversiug very tenderly with Sally Snow.*) Iss, sar, directly, just one moment—excuse me, little private conversation wid dis lady.

Sally. Adoo, Mr. Crow, we sall meet den at the ball.

Jim. Um, certainly; and for dat wait while I take um trunk down, and den I come back, and, till then, adoo.

Both. Adoo. (*Very ceremoniously.*)

Blin. That's a pretty little creature—an image of Venus in copper.

Jim. Now, sar, I am ready. (*He takes up barrow.*) Stand out of de way, you dam black nigger; let me and toder gem-man go by. [*One of the porters stands, L. E. R. Crow wheels him off.*]

Sally. Him berry fine man—only him had such berry shabby clothes. [*Exit R.*]

Blin. Here I am, in the land of liberty, a single man, of rather a prepossessing appearance. I wonder if American ladies are susceptible; if so, what will become of poor Jonathan; let's see, they call England the mother country, Ireland the sister country, then America must be the wife or daughter country. Yes, I shall get married here, I know it; the very air has an united state sort of feel about it, I'm a victim at the altar of Hymen; talking of Hymen, where's that damn'd sixteen feet and a half porter? here, Jimmy—Mr. Crow, I say. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter JULIETTE and ELLEN, U. E. R.

Jul. Confound that fellow Dalton's eyes, he seems to have penetrated my disguise, and now, my love, it's high time we began to think of our affairs. My ci-levant admirers, though they did not recognise me in this dress, of course will readily do so in my own.

Ellen. But, from Mr. Blinkinsop, you have no fear?

Jul. Oh! no, he has renounced me: you, I think, have made a conquest there. Now, don't hang your head, child, there's no shame in an honest attachment; I am, I must own, strongly taken with that fellow, Dalton.

Ellen. But, my love, I heard him confess he hadn't a penny.

Jul. Neither have I, we shall be a charming couple; they say, those who wed for money are always miserable; well, then the converse will hold good; so, if we marry without a shilling between us, we must most indubitably be happy. So, allons. [*Exeunt, L E. R.*]

Enter SALLY, R. U. E.

Sally. Well, I'm sure, I nebber see sich imperence; white trash follow coloured lady in dat manner; if Missa Crow catch him dere'll be debbil to pay.

[*Enter PIROUETTE, R U E, and follows SALLY up and down stage.*]

Pir. Aha! maid, have I at last overtake you? Your little feet are like de black beetles. I wish to converse wid you. You are beauty womans.

Sally. Well, em know dat berry well ; all de gentlemen say I debilish fine gal.

Pir. Oui, oui ; your face is like de beauty boot, after he shall have de Day and Martin pon him.

Sally. Him berry polite.

Pir. If you please, I wo'd converse wid you pon a tender subject.

Sally. Me know berry well what you want ; you got squeaking kindness for me ; you want to make love, not proper in publican streets.

Pir. I wish to explain myself—I have come to settle it New York, you have surprised my heart at de first sight. I am a widow.

Sally. What I mind dat, tink you, sar ? I lub another, much lublier man dan you ; think I descend to chum chum wid white trash.

Pir. Charmant Miss Snow, you melt my heart, you—

Sally. If you 'tempt to come near me I call a watch, you dirty feller. I wish Missa Crow would come back and give em satisfaction of a lady.

Pir. Begar—I sall blackness his eye, pull his head off, and blow his nose.

Sally. It no use to talk to me sar, em engaged. Dark lady nebber tell white lie : take a my advice, keep out of Missa Crow's way. If he see you make lub to me, him so jealous, him shake him ugly little head into him shoes. [*Exit L.*]

Pir. He sall nebber do dat. I shall always wear de boots. I am for ever disappointed—de fairsex and the black sex take no compassion on my feelings and sentiments. I will never no more look after the marriage wid dem—I'll disappoint them all, and marry myself. [*Exit. L.*]

Music. Re-enter JIM CROW and SALLY SNOW.*

Jim. Dere you am, Miss Snow, I particular wish to speak to you, 'pose you guess de subject, I wish to converse 'pon.

Sally. Iss, Massa Crow, me know berry well ; you want to make lub to me, not proper, sir, in publican streets.

Jim. Miss Sarah, I wish to 'splain de sedements of my heart, you know me hab an infection for you ; now, look at me, I'm

* The dialogue between Pirouette and Sally, just given, has been substituted for this, but, as Mr. Rice sometimes restores it, it was deemed best to give both scenes.

berry nice man, berry well made, and make berry good chum chum.

Sally. For shame, talk'ee so in 'em publican streets, you am gay deceiver, you know dat berry well.

Jim. Miss Sarah, ma'am, if you 'lude to my fair wid de lady in Wall-street, I 'sure you I'm not to blame; as to de toder lady, who threw herself into de river, what da debil could I do; if ladies will be fond of us gentleman, how can we help it?

Sally. Oh, how nice, will you promise to be constantine for eber and eber?

Jim. For eber, and much longer den dat, here I am on my knees, in a kneaded poster, all same as at camp meeting.

Sally. I shall sider your compositions; deres one or two gentleman anxious for my hand.

Jim. Where are 'em d——d niggers, I be de death o'em Oh, Miss Snow, if you no have me, I commit suetside from trumpery derangement; I am little darker than you, what of dat? good men of all colors, I'm berry good man, belong to the first class, and much suspected in the upper circles.

Sally. Well, Massa Crow, if your boss has no jection, deres my hand.

Jim. Let him 'ject if he dare. Oh! Miss Sarah, you hab make me de happiest of color'd gentlemen; to-night, I sall give a ball in honour of our 'proaching nutshells, and hope to hab de honour of your company.

Sally. Oh! Massa Crow.

[*Exeunt. L.*]

SCENE III.—*Front Chamber.*

Enter Mrs. MARIGOLD and BLINKINSOP, R.

Mrs. M. This way, if you please, sir. I am from the old country myself, sir.

Blin. Yes, and precious old you were before you left it.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. M. A gentleman of your appearance will suffer much from these here vulgarians, these Yankees; I've been here some years, but I'm not manured to the country yet.

Blin. You'll find me a very regular man, ma'am, rise at eight, swallow a broiled fowl, four muffins, and three or four cups of coffee; that carries me through 'till lunch, and then a rump steak stays on my stomach till dinner. I make a fairish dinner, take my three bottles, that does till tea; have a devil'd

biscuit, and half a dozen broiled kidneys, for hyson's bad on an empty stomach; then a good hot supper at twelve, and that's all I require. Now, ma'am, I don't care whether I go to an hotel or a boarding-house.

Mrs. M. Under all circumstances, sir, I think my hotel would suit you best; he'd eat me out of house and home in a month, if I boarded him. [*Aside.*]

Blin. Hotel be it; moreover, ma'am I've hired a valet de chambre; now, I must put him into livery.

Mrs. M. I've a livery, quite happerry po, as the French say; it belonged to a nice little fellow.

Blin. Little fellow, the man that belongs to me is a devilish big fellow.

Mrs. M. Um, is he a coloured man?

Blin. Yes—no—if white's black, and black's no colour at all; I suppose he is not; he's a nigger.

Mrs. M. Then it's no matter whatsoever, them fellows always puts on what's given em. You must be very particular here, sir, for your vale de sham will think nothing of wearing your clothes during your abstinence.

Blin. If he only wears them during that period, I'm content. All your servants are coloured persons I presume.

Mrs. M. Yes, sir, I am the only speciment of British beauty in the house, all the other females carry copper in their faces as we say.

Blin. And you only carry brass in yours as I say. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. M. Beg pardon, for leaving you, sir, [*crosses R.*] but the poor creturs here have no taste; no jenny squaw as we, who've been in Paris and Lunnon, have. Haw, rewoir, moun-seer. [*Exit R.*]

Blin. No Jemmy squaws, hang it, I see nothing else but squaws; that Miss Ellen Seagraves' abroad the packet; She's touch'd me at the thender part, my confounded susceptibility, I can't help it; I do all I can to keep the women off; but, some how or other, 'pon my soul, I can't tell how it is, but so it is and so it always was.

SALLY SNOW *without.*

Jumbo, laughing, come and say, ha! ha!

Will no ave me aye or way, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Blin. Here's another. I shall do a devilish deal of mischief amid the coloured population; I shall regularly "astonish the browns."

Enter SALLY SNOW, L crosses R.

Blin. How d'ye do—how d'ye do—do you live here?

Sally. Iss—Iss, ha, ha, ha! I am help.

Blin. Help, you're a helpmate fit for any man; you're a sweet creature, here's my d——d susceptibility again.

[Buttons up his coat.]

Sally. Iss—Ha, ha, ha! you're a berry funny gemman.

Blin. And you're a verry pretty brunette. (*Aside.*) Saints, forgive me, you're a sort of Irish fairy; that is, what they call a brownie.

Sally. You lub Englis lady, all white.

Blin. Yes, like a turnip; now, you're more of the artichoke sort; really, when one comes to look, she's devilish pretty, a devilish pretty brown, and brown's a good standing colour; I feel strongly inclined to a brown alliance; as Hamlet says, "to this complexion I must come at last." She won't do for daylight, but she's a very good wife for the evening, a sort of twilight woman, something between light and dark.

Sally. Heigho!

Blin. What's the matter? there she stands; beauty in a brown study.

Sally. I am tink of oder times—make me melancholy.

Blin. Melancho'y musing maid—my confounded susceptibility, I can't conquer it; I'll pop the question—my burnt umbre beauty, could you love me?

Sally. Lub you—me neber try.

Blin. She's a sensible girl; of course she can't know till she tries—but do you think you could?

Sally. Me neber tink about it.

Blin. I see—it's your fashion to do these things without thinking.

Sally. No sar, me lub coloured gentleman, and promise him my hand.

Blin. Well, I only spoke. Bless you, I wouldn't interfere with your whitey-brown felicity for the world—trip along, little twilight. I don't know, but black, brown, and white, its all the same—I am so cursed susceptible.

DUET. *Air*—"Savage Dance."

Blin. Sav my pretty brown-skinned beauty,

Could you love and follow forth an Englishman?

Sally. Aye, and ever feel my dearest duty,

Would be pleasing pleasing him whene'er I can,

Blin. Follow follow now my footsteps merrily,
You're the very maid and I'm the man.

Sally. No, I follow not their footsteps merrily,
I am not the maid nor you the man.

Both. La, la, lara, lara, &c.

Sally. I've a lover come from old Kentucky,
Who would break his heart if I should prove untrue.

Blin. Gad, if that's the case, its rather lucky,
You should feel that I am not the lad for you ;
March my merry maid where love's inviting you ;
Strike the tambourine and toss the can.

Sally. Wander on where beauty's smile delighting you,
Merry merry maid, and happy man.

Both. La, lal, lara, &c. [Exeunt dancing, &c.]

SCENE IV.—*Coffee-room in New York ; bar seen ; tables, rocking chairs, spittoons ; men sitting at tables with heels on them, reading newspapers, smoking, &c.* MAJOR MOHAWK and SLAP-UP in front.

Slap. I don't mean to say nothing against New York, Major, but I can't say as all your roads are smooth as billiard tables, nor your bildings as regular as a box of dominoes ; now our London streets—

Major. I calculate I know London streets considerably well—and it's a fact as can't be denied, that people can't see one another there for the smoke, whereas every street here is a perfect glory under heaven.

Slap. Well, but Regent-street.

Major. Wall-street.

Slap. Oxford street.

Major. The Five Points. Aye, aye, we'll convince you, if you'll only listen. [bell rings.]

All. Dinner, dinner [they scamper off pell-mell, c d.]

Slap. That's what they call starting for the plate.

Enter JIM CROW, c d.

Jim. (chuckling) I am hired, am gentleman now—got dirty dollars a month ; it will take two omnibusses to carry me now. Ha ! ha ! I cut all de low fellows I used to be 'quaint with.

Slap. Here you nigger.

Jim. Who you call nigger? (*aside*) dam white trash. Hab you to know, sar, dat coloured gemblem as good as white man, and perhaps a little gooder too.

Slap. I say, you boots.

Jim. No, sar, I'm no boots; I'm retired—what um ministers called resigned.

Slap. Oh! you've left your place, have you!

Jim. Iss, sar, duties too severe; injure my constitution. Now, sar, I'm companion to a gemman.

Slap. And uncommon fit for the office, I should think—seen a great deal in you time, Mr. Crow.

Jim. Iss, sar, berry great deal. I was raised in Old Virginny, and was reckoned the greatest beauty in dem parts; and hab gone through the world eber since, laughing at all misfortia, and content whatever come. Dey call me Jim Crow, but my proper name is Mr. James Crow, sar. Now go to your dinner, or you'll hab to put it off till to-morrow.

Song—Jim Crow.

When I came to Lunnun city,
 I see gentleman quite dark,
 His name is Achilles,
 He lives in Hyde-park.
 Turn about and wheel about,
 And do just so,
 Eb'ry time I wheel about,
 I jump Jim Crow.

In London all they wish for,
 Or any thing they dream,
 Be it marrying or burying,
 They do it all by steam.
 Turn about, &c.

Over Lunnun city,
 Cupid holds eternal reign:
 It thrives in Love Court,
 As well as Huggin Lane.
 Turn about, &c.

When wives take to scolding,
 And annoy the lordly sex,
 They sells 'em in Smithfield,
 With ropes round their necks.
 Turn about, &c.

That a shrew should be sold so,
I wonder not, not I;
But the thing surprise me most,
Is that any one will buy.
Turn about, &c.

Respectables all keep a gig,
But all the vulgar shabs,
Drives about the Lunnuu streets
In patent safety cabs.
Turn about, &c.

Here comes the Old Virginny,
And he want you all to know,
Dat he wheel about
And turn about, and jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, &c.

They make talk about philosophy,
But to you I'll clearly show,
'Tis all comprised in wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, &c.

When a gentleman wants money,
His purse is rather low,
To get it how he'll wheel about
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, &c.

There's a pretty lady yonder,
Sitting in the middle row,
To get a husband how she'll wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, &c.

Next see the politician,
Out of place he'll never go,
But to keep it how he'll wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, &c.

There's Massa Yates, the playhouse manager,
To bring people to his show
O Golley, don't he wheel about,
And jump Jim Crow.
Turn about, &c.

Since I'm getting rather tired,
 So I pray you let me go,
 I'll come again another night.
 And jump Jim Crow.
 Turn about, &c.

Then the soldier in the battle,
 When pursued by the foe,
 Golley don't he wheel about,
 And jump Jim Crow,
 Turn about, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Front Chamber.*

Enter MRS. MARIGOLD *and* SLAPUP, L.

Slap. And so, ma'am, you see I've some thoughts of settling in New York—bringing over some prime prads, and teach the Yankees how to get over the ground.

Mrs. M. You'll find 'em a natrocious set, sir—no helegance—no nothing; I came here from Paris, and I declare at first I was quite putrified at the manners of the popelars. I have moved in a very different spear I assure you—in Paris, I was one of the haut tun—in New York, I condescends to keep the One Tun.

Sulp. Dreadful change—a break down from a racer to a sand cart. (*Juliette screams without.*) Halloa!

Enter JULIETTE, L. *in disorder.*—(*She is in female attire.*)

Jul. Was ever any thing so unfortunate, that the first moment I ventured out, I should encounter that odious Frenchman.

Mrs. M. Young woman, I thinks it is by no means proper that you should scream out in that monstratious manner; and as to your protruding yourself here, its what I can't allow.

Jul. Madam, I am sorry for any confusion I may have caused, but I was suddenly alarmed, and, ah!—*screams again.*)

Mrs. M. She's no better than she should be—properly deducted females never scream. [*goes up.*]

Enter PIROUETTE.

Pir. Ah! 'cest bien—I have got upon your heel at last.—*Comment vous va, ma chere ami, you sall ron very well, mais I can ron to—ah! Mademoisselle Juliette, for why you sall*

use me so, eh? I teach you de danse—I teach you every ting in the world dat I know; when you are all so clever as myself, you ron away.

Jul. I have already told you, M. Pirouette, my heart cannot be yours, and my hand, therefore, never shall.

Pir. Dis is de reward for my show you all de entire chat—de a plomb—oh! c'est la le diable; I sall cut my troat several times often; I sall go very mad indeed.

Mrs. M. has come cautiously forward, and at this moment

Pir. Eh? [gives a loud scream.

Slap. Don't ma'am; properly deducted females never holloa.

Pir. Is it possible—you are dere.

Mrs. M. Antonie is—is that you?

Pir. 'Tis de voice—you sall not be dead yet.

Mrs. M. No—nor you? Oh! my dear husband.

All. Husband!

Pir. Peste—Madame Pirouette ave come again.

Jul. Is that wretch your husband?

Mrs. M. Marry, come up, he is my husband.

Pir. You may mari come up, or what you please, mais you shall not ave me.

Jul. How dare you, sir, make love to me.

Slap. Aye, sir, how dare you make love to this lady.

Mrs. M. Oh! for shame, for shame Antoine.

Pir. Taisez vous—I never hear any one I wish not to hear so very much, arrete vous—I sall not speak wis you.

Mrs. M. Wont you own me after years of parting!

Pir. You shameful rascal womans—why you ron away—leave me wis de dam garcons vot I shall never know—eh? Vat you are now, eh?

Mrs. M. Widow Marigold.

Pir. Veuve—c'est bon charmant Marigold.

Mrs. M. But though I'm a Marigold, you will be a forget me-not

Pir. I shall not have him; ma fois diablement, ugly fellow, mais ven she vas ron away she was beauty woman.

Jul. I shall not remain to part a lovely couple, or to witness the tenderness of the reconciliation. (*Crosses.*) Adieu Monsieur Pirouette, I am very grateful for “your teach me the entré-chat;” and when your domestic arrangements are completed, you will, perhaps, tender me an apology. Adieu, Widow Marigold. Ha, ha, ha!

Slap. I say, ma'am, never holloa.

[*Exit JUL. and SLAPUP, R.*]

Mrs. M. Oh, Antoine, don't be so obsteteric, don't.

Pir. Oh, she's got the grin.

Mrs. M. Here I am, on my knees; I have left off all my follies.

Pir. Non, non, your follies ave leave you off—now you ave got old.

Mrs. M. And you know you was a going to marry again yourself; but I'll forgive, if you do the same.

Pir. Jamais, jamais, the honour of a French gentleman is concerned: I cannot forget it, nor you. *Jen'onblerai jamais.*

Mrs. M. Never mind blear-eyed Jammy, or any one else, but forget and forgive; I've a comfortable house and home.

Pir. And you never go out to walk no more—comfortable—de maison and furniture—no little garcons; aha, Madame Pironette, mon cœur is never cruel—she is no longer beauty womans—c'est egal, perhaps she never ron away now.

Mrs. M. Antoine.

Pir. Dorothea.

Mrs. M. My dear hubby.

Pir. Ah! ma chere femme—it is past—deres de grin.

Exeunt together, R.

SCENE VI.—A Room.

HICKORY, SLAPUP, and PAWS, discovered.

Paws. A paction's a paction—you see I'm thirty years old now, I nat'rally reckon the balance of my life at forty years more; I'm no ways disagreeable to your proposition, but I calculate living forty years with a woman I've never seen, is worth 100*l.* per annum, and sha'nt take n'o less.

Hick. 4000*l.*; well, I consent.

Pawks. Then there's her keep—I calculate that at 150*l.* a-year.

Hick. Zounds, that makes 6000*l.*

Pawks. Yes, 10,000*l.*, and I must have it down on the nail; I an't going to commit matrimony on credit.

Hick. But there are other difficulties—in the first place, the girl will be adverse to the match.

Pawks. Now, don't agonise about that; I'm the spryest chap in our parts; I can make love better, and faster, than any six chaps in old Virginia.

Hick. When she comes, do you see her alone ; say she is once more in my power ; but offer generously to release her, for if she thought you were my choice, that alone would determine her against me.

Pawks. I calculate if she does but see me, its enough ; however, I an't no ways objectionable to do as you say.

Hick. You'll be delighted—she's a fine grown girl I can tell you ; and fortunes like her's, are not to be sneezed at.

Pawks. No ; I calculate if fortunes could be got by sneezing, there wouldn't be a chap in the 'Nited States, without a cold in his head.

Hick. Well, then, if you'll (*to Slapup*) step up with me, I'll put you in possession of the papers—and you will remain here and receive the lady. [*Exit Hickory and Slapup.*]

Pawks. I realize that old chap, my uncle, is as big a rogue as ever I clapt eyes on : I wonder what the girl's fortin's really worth ; my uncle's uncommon 'cute, but I've a tarnation mind to try if I can't roll up the pair on 'em, and carry off the girl without no advancement of money at all.

Enter NEGROES, bearing a sedan, L.

Pawks. Oh, here she is, I reckon ; put her down gently, and don't bump her—get out you niggers—I'll orationize her into loving me. I guess, Miss you'd be glad to get out.

(*Jim Crow, in female's attire, opens sedan and rises*)

A fine grown girl he calls her—she's tarnation tall—a poplar in petticoats ; I calculate I can never kiss her without a ladder. You see, Miss, your guardian has you once again.

Crow. (*affects to weep*)

Pawks. Don't go to cry ; I'm very tender inwards myself, I shall weep a waterfall if I once begin.

Crow. Heigho!

Pawks. She is the longest acquaintance I ever had—I'll save you from old Hickory, and carry you slick away to Virginia. I'm no palaverer—a spry fellow, as you see ; stand five feet four, cast iron sinews, and double jointed all over ; can lick a bushel of bears, and don't valle copper heads or rattlesnakes no more than a flash of lightning does a rusty conductor.

Crow. Heigho!

Pawks. Here's old Hick, I spose ; pop back again for an instant ; I'll soon be rid of him, and then—(*putting Crow back*) remarkable tall surely, but a particular fine woman, nevertheless.

Re-enter SLAPUP.

Slap. I say, young 'un.

Pawks. Well.

Slap. I'm an individual of nice feeling; and for this old fellow to cheat that poor girl of her fortin, is an atrocious shame.

Pawks. (*pointing to sedan*) Hush!

Slap. Oh, she is there, is she.

Pawks. I calculate she is.

Slap. (*speaking low*) Now the money had much better be in our pockets than his'n.

Pawls. Well, did I ever—now, who could imagine that—that's the very individual retrospection I've been a taking myself.

Slap. Now, if you was only to—

Pawks. Run slick away with her—I designate doing so most unquestionable.

Slap. Her father died worth 15,000*l.*

Crow. (*peeping through top of sedan—aside*) Aha!

Slap. Which has been accumulating ever since—besides some land; here I have all the papers concerning it.

Crow. (*aside*) Rogue!

Slap. When you marry her, all is yours; and then, as an honorable man, I expect as you pay me the 10,000*l* instead of old Hickory.

Pawks. Yes—aye—I see. Hush, here's Hickory; lets go to him, he must not see the girl—you keep him in play, and I'll pop her off. He's a tarnation rogue; but I'm a tarnationer, and I realize that in any roguery, you'd lick the pair on us. I don't flatter, really—I take you to be the biggest rascal that ever I saw; ware, don't take the papers with you, he mustn't have 'em any more. (*Pawks puts papers in desk*) I'll turn the key upon Miss—there you are, safe enough—I say; they must wake early that's a match for old Virginia, and London particular.

[*Exeunt both.*]

[*Crow rises in sedan, puts his arm over, unlocks it, and gets out.*]

Crow. Dere white rascal! what um say if dey catch nigger at such tricks. Where 'em paper. (*goes to the desk*) What dis—dam sugar box: I wish I had a tub of water to see myself in. Ah! here—(*taking up the desk, with papers, from table*)—now I get away—that little rascal, my boss, take me up as a runaway nigger. [*Blinksop, without, intoxicated.*]

Blin. It won't do, old one—I says she is here.

Enter BLINKSOP, followed by HICKORY, SLAPUP, and PAWKS.

Blink. Yes, sir—I demand, sir.

Pawks. Leave me alone. (*crosses to him*) Now you, sir, I'm a regular built, not to be denied, Virginia lad ; hard as a block o' marble ; fast as a flash of lightning ; sudden as an earthquake, and as certain as quarter-day. I calculate you don't know what gouging is ; now its done in a moment, I can tell ye ; I've entered on a contract of connubility, and the lady aint no ways inclined to the contrary and if you interfere with me, I'll smash you into so many atoms, that it'll about take eternity to pick up the pieces.

Blin. You fight me ! It's like a sentry box pitching into St Paul's. I'll put ye into one end of a funnel and blow you out at t'other. I'm a reglar built east ender, finished my education at Offley's and the Rainbow, have got two bottles of wine under my waistcoat, care for nobody—and I calculate, if I hit you once, Green's balloon won't be able to fetch your wind 'back for you.

Hick. Oh ! we'll put an end to this. Here, constables, watch, I say.

Crow. (*coming out of sedan*) Knock 'em down, Massa Boss—down with 'em.

Pawks. Holloa ! why if my oracular eyes don't deceive me, that's my runaway nigger. You black varmint, I've got you once again, have I.

Crow. No you habn't—here, Sambo—Bram--Charley, I say.

Enter NEGROES at one side, and CONSTABLE with WATCHMAN on the other.

Crow. Fight for cause of bobolition.

Blin. Well said, snow-ball ; I haven't had a row for many a day, so if it is to be a skirmish, here goes.

[*General row between watch, niggers, and party; they fight off—Blinkinsop knocks Slapup in sedan, and scene closes.*]

SCENE VII—Street, Night.

Enter BLINKINSOP, more intoxicated and dress disordered.

Blink. The rascals, I'll Yankee reglar 'em—come athwart me—me—a man of bulk and prowess—I let him know I hadn't been at the Fives Court for nothing. Ha, ha, ha ! I can't help laughing at that little Virginia scamp—standing

up before me—'pon my soul it was too absurd. I begin partially to suspect that I'm inebriated; Mr Benjamin Blinkinsop, I've a word or two to say to you, if you are a gentleman behave as sich—you're in a strange country, sir—remember that, and do nothing to disgrace Great Britain—the honor of the nation rests on your shoulders, sir— they're broad enough to bear it, that's one comfort—I'm intoxicated, and if any gentleman presumes to say I'm not, he utters a falsity—I defy the world, the united conglomerated globe to prove the contrary; I'm intoxicated, and what then? this is a land of liberty—its cursed hard if a man mayn't take a liberty with himself.

"I won't go home till morning."

Talking of home, where do I live—I've clean forgot—I know I live some where—but where? and echo answers where—*(New York Watchman crosses behind)* that's a Charley with a new fangled beaver.

"Charley is my darling—my darling—my darling."

He, he, he! I used to wonder what they did with the old Charlies when our new police came—I see now—they sent 'em all to New York. Beg pardon, sir, can you tell me where I live.

Watch. No, I can't—hotel or boarding?

Blink. Hotel.

Watch. And you've forgot the name, um?—is there nothing you can remember it by?

Blink. No, nothing—stay, yes—its where "fol de rol, to deol, jump Jim Crow" was boots.

Watch. Oh, I know well enough—this way.

Blink. Go on, I'll follow thee.

Watch. I calculate you're swizzled.

Blink. Something in the air—that effects the head, come along my purveyor of Yankee peace.

"We won't go home till the morning,
Till day-light does appear."

SCENE IX.—Room laid out for ball; four musicians, &c.

Enter PIROUETTE, C D, with JIM CROW.

Crow. Here you am—hab de beautiful ball—all the lubliest creturs in New York am invited, you play de fiddle, and I am a bery Paganun myself.

Pir. I sall be grand director, and arrange every ting.

Crow. Iss, I am do the horrors—and you direct de ball.

L. of C.

Pir. Je suis content—[*Knock L. Enter JOE CARR.*]

Joe. Massa Jim Brown and Miss Sophonisba Snapps coming up. [Enter Brown and Miss Snapps.]

Crow. 'Lighted to see you Mr. Brown—Miss Snapps you am charming. [Double Knock L. H.]

Re-enter JOE.

Joe. Mr. Charley Copperas and Miss Matilda Muggins coming up. [They enter.]

Crow. How is this dat you am not brought Miss Snow.

Miss Mug. Miss Snow's missus very impeditly go out and lock up all her tings, and Miss Snow can't come till she get a blacksmith to break open de missus' chest of draws for a dress.

Crow. Did you eber hear de like, must do something to put down de impidence of de white trash. [Knock.]

Re-enter JOE.

Joe. Massa Julicum Cæsar and Miss Cleopatra Squawk coming up. [They enter.]

Crow. Oh! Miss Cleopatra—you are more lubbly ebery time I see you—how Massa Julicum Cæsar berry well.

Julius. Tol lol.

Crow. What you am tink of the meeting to-day.

Copperas. Oh! berry respectable meeting.

Crow. Not much eloquence, but berry well considering; bobolition, fine ting.

All. Ah! berry. [Knock.]

Re-enter JOE.

Joe. Miss Sally Snow coming up.

Enter SALLY. Flourish discord.

Crow. Oh, you am dere, all de lady and gentleman ab been wait for you.

Sally. Would you believe it. Missee have de imperince to say I shan't come.

All. Ah!

Sally. And refuse to lend me pair of flesh color'd stockings for de ball.

All. Oh!

Crow. But I hope you took 'em wedder or not.

Sally. Of course, how dare white trash treat color'd lady in that manner. [Knock.]

Re-enter JOE.

Joe. Miss Lucretra and Mr. Scipio, Mrs. Mignioette and Mr. Pink, and oder lady and gentleman, coming up.

Enter a number of Dancers.

Music, Quadrille commences, in the middle of which a loud knocking,

Crow. What dat? berry improper for any body intrude at dis moment—who dere, sar.

Re-enter JOE.

Joe. It's Massa, sure as a gun, and a whole posse of people wid him—coming up (*all alarmed.*)

Crow. Berry well, let him come in—what bring de white trash home at this time.

Enter BLINKINSOP C. D.

Blink. Holloa! what's this? I've come next door by mistake.

Crow. No, sir, no mistake; dis is bobolition day; and I gib ball, as rest gentlemen do. Bery happy if you join us.

Biink. Bravo! that's nigger independence with a vengeance: invited by my own servant to a ball.

[*Enter Pawks, Dalton, Juliette, and Ellen, with Constable.*]

Pawks. I dont care; this is a land of liberty, and I claim my nigger.

Dalton. Such is the law here, and it would be futile to attempt to oppose it.

Pawks. I calculate you're as sensible a chap as I met since I left Virginny. Now, you two yards and a half of blackness, you've given me more trouble than your worth—a great lanky, scrawling, ill-formed varmint, all in-and-out like an ill-made corkscrew. I wonder, for my part, how I ever came to keep such a fellow; slow as a 'possum, and hungry as a wolf.

Blin. (*to whom Dalton has been speaking aside.*) Well, if I must deal in flesh and blood, it shall be a buyer at least. As you undervalue this poor fellow so much, what sum will you take for him?

Pawks. Why, when I come to look at he, as a seller, I make small bestoment of time on blemshes—he's a fine tall niggarr, uncommon well made.

Crow. Dat am berry true.

Pawks. Strong as a buffalo; willing as a watch-dog; long in the reach; clean in the fetlocks; and, altogether, a very desirable lot—say 300 dollars.

Crow. And berry cheap at de money.

Blink. As old England gave twenty millions to free a nation of negroes, I won't refuse 60*l.* to save one; there. [*Gives money.*]

Crow. Huzza! Oh, Miss Snow, now I am free nigger, [*Crosses to Pawks.*] You dam little Yankee bagabone, if eber you come where I am again, I show you what a free coloured gentleman can do. And now, look ye here, here's de papers. Miss Julium, show you estates what dat rascal Virginny and your guardian want to rob you of.

[*Dalton and Juliette go up.*]

Pawks. I realise it's up with my uncle. You Englisher, I wish you joy with your nigger; he sleeps sounder and lies longer a-bed than any chap in Virginny. He's too lazy to eat his own dinners; you'll be obliged to hire another chap to wag his jaws for him. The first word he ever spoke was a lie; and he's spoke nothing else ever since. His mother was right damned ashamed of him, and he never had a father. In fact for a thorough going, right-slick away fore-and-end undeniable and not-to-be-worsted varmint, he's your man. [*Exit l.*]

Crow. Go 'long you dirty white trash. Now, sir, if you hab no objection, dis lady and myself wish to enter the holy state of hemlock.

Pir. You like that state, Miss Crow?

Sally. Iss. 'cause it so nice.

Blin. And I mean to do the same thing, don't I, my charmer? [*To Ellen.*] Gad, I'm so happy, that I can't bear to thwart the happiness of others; so places, places, and foot it away, my snow-drops, to the cauce of liberty.

Chorus and Dance at the same time.

Air—"Finale to Obi."

Fifth July—fifth July,

Ebery color'd soul be gay;

Banish care—banish sigh,

Strike de bango, dance and play.

Freedom reigns—o'er the plains,

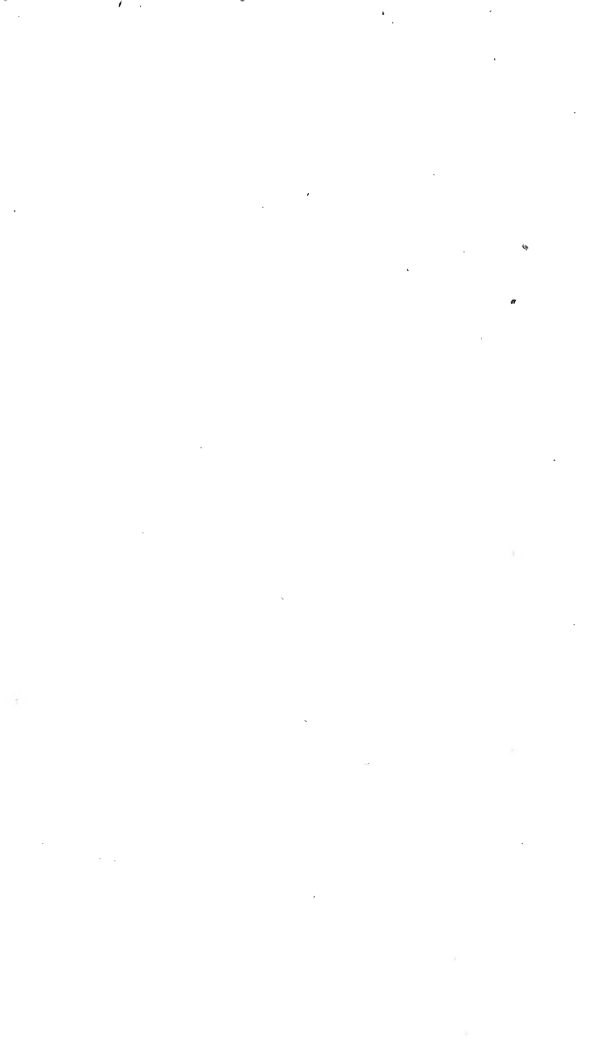
"Bobolition" for de nigger:

Beat big drum, tambour thrum,

On dis happy day.

Fifth July, &c. &c.

THE END.





TURNER'S
DRAMATIC LIBRARY
OF

NEW YORK:
TURNER & FISHER,
90 DIVISION STREET.

J. & H. G. Langley; Shaw;
Howe & Bates; Vanleck &
Davenport; Atwill; Martin;
Shepherd; Green; Folsom;
Raynor; Bancroft; Matsel;
Post.

*and all the respectable Book
Sellers.*



PR 5219

R18F6

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 527 136 8